Repeat Offender
by Eddie Robson

THE DOCTOR: PETER DAVISON
Time traveller.

TURLOUGH: MARK STRICKSON
Time traveller's companion.

LARA JENSEN:
Low-status systems engineer in her 20s.

INSPECTOR JILL SVEINSDÓTTIR:
Law enforcement officer.

ALSO: **INGI** (SIRI-LIKE PHONE VOICE).

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INT. APARTMENT

FX: THE LIVING ROOM OF A FLAT LARA JENSEN SHARES WITH KAT GUNNARSDOTTIR, IN REKJAVIK IN THE YEAR 2144. IT'S SMALL — THERE ARE ONLY THREE ROOMS, AND THE LIVING ROOM ALSO CONTAINS THE KITCHEN. WE HEAR A LOUD 'ZAP' NOISE, WHICH THEN FADES DOWN.

DOCTOR:
Turlough? Are you all right?

TURLOUGH:
I think so.

DOCTOR:
Good.

TURLOUGH:
Is it gone, Doctor?

DOCTOR:
Yes — the Shroud was dissipated. Can't survive outside its host.

TURLOUGH:
Finally. Shouldn't we get out of here?

DOCTOR:
Yes, let's —

FX: THE NOISE OF THE OVERCROWDED CITY BEYOND CAN BE HEARD AS THE DOOR SLIDES BACK AND LARA ENTERS.

LARA:
Good grief, Kat, what on Earth have you been cooking — (SHRIEKS)

DOCTOR:
Ah. Please keep calm.

LARA:
What are you doing in my apartment?

TURLOUGH:
She isn't keeping calm, Doctor.

LARA:
And what — what have you done to Kat?

DOCTOR:
These things are relative, Turlough. In the circumstances, she's fairly calm.

LARA:
Who are you?

DOCTOR:
This is Turlough —

TURLOUGH:
You didn't have to tell her.

DOCTOR:
And I'm the Doctor.

TURLOUGH:
And your name's Lara, isn't it?

LARA:
How do you [know —]

DOCTOR:
We won't hurt you.

LARA:
Is… is she dead?

DOCTOR:
Your friend?

LARA:
My wife.

DOCTOR:
Sorry. No, no, she's just unconscious.

LARA:
What did you do to her?

TURLOUGH:
Nothing.

DOCTOR:
Well, not nothing.

TURLOUGH:
I think there are times when it would be better if I did the talking, don't you?

LARA:
I'm calling the police.

TURLOUGH:
I know how this must seem, but [there —]

FX: TURLOUGH TAKES A STEP TOWARDS LARA. SHE RAISES A PEPPER SPRAY TYPE WEAPON.

LARA:
Stay back!

TURLOUGH:
Doctor, what's she pointing at me?

DOCTOR:
A chemical spray. Causes temporary blindness and vomiting, and also dyes your skin orange.

TURLOUGH:
Ah.

LARA:
Ingi?

FX: AN AUTOMATED SYSTEM RESPONDS TO HER VOICE WITH A BLEEP.

INGI:
Yes, Lara.

LARA:
Call the police, tell them we've got intruders.

INGI:
Yes, Lara.

FX: INGI BLEEPS OFF.

DOCTOR:
Please — we came here to help.

LARA:
Help yourselves to our stuff, yeah.

DOCTOR:
Had she been acting oddly over the last couple of days? Your wife?

LARA:
(BEAT) None of your business.

DOCTOR:
She had, hadn't she?

LARA:
She's been unemployed for a while — it gets to her sometimes, sitting around here all day with [no —]

TURLOUGH:
Her mind had been taken over.

LARA:
I don't understand.

DOCTOR:
A creature that calls itself the Bratanian Shroud. It entered your world via a rift to another dimension — they open up from time to time, but it's rare that anything survives the journey due to differing physical laws from one dimension to [another—]

LARA:
I'm hoping you're just making this up to put me off, because I really don't want to be dealing with two lunatics.

TURLOUGH:
Yes, we get that a lot, but it's all true, I promise you.

DOCTOR:
The Shroud is a creature that lives inside the electrical impulses of the mind, and it seems to have survived inside Kat. But we were its real target. It lured us here with a false distress call and tried to kill us. But there's nothing to worry about now —

LARA:
Oh good.

DOCTOR:
(BRANDISHING DEVICE) Yes, I adapted this hand-held media device to operate as a wave disruptor, and [banished —]

LARA:
Is that what I can smell? The mediascreen?

TURLOUGH:
Yes.

LARA:
Is it broken?

DOCTOR:
No, it's still functioning as a wave disruptor… but I have burnt out the display unit, so… yes. Sorry.

LARA:
Who <u>are</u> you people?

TURLOUGH:
I'll leave that question to my colleague here.

FX: TURLOUGH STARTS WALKING AWAY.

LARA:
Wait — where are you going?

TURLOUGH:
To the lavatory, if that's allowed. I mean, there is only one way in and out of this flat, isn't there?

LARA:
(BEAT) Yes.

TURLOUGH:
(OFF) There you are then.

FX: TURLOUGH LEAVES THE ROOM, AND WE HEAR A BATHROOM DOOR SLIDE CLOSED.

DOCTOR:
I'm sorry about the damage, but I assure you, Kat's life was in danger and we had to do something.

LARA:
Even if this is all somehow true, the police still need to know about it.

DOCTOR:
That's understandable. When they arrive, I'm sure I can convince them we had the best intentions and pose no threat to you whatsoever.

FX: SMALL EXPLOSION IN THE BATHROOM.

LARA:
What on Earth —

DOCTOR:
(CALLS) Turlough? What are [you —]

LARA:
Stay where I can see you! What's he doing?

DOCTOR:
I was about to ask him that. Please, if you let me open the door — I just want to see what's happened.

LARA:
I let him go and he blows up my bathroom!

DOCTOR:
He may have injured himself.

LARA:
(BEAT) If you do anything other than open the door, you're getting a faceful of chem-spray.

DOCTOR:
Agreed. Now…

FX: DOCTOR MOVES OVER TO THE DOOR, OPENS IT — AND SMOKE POURS OUT.

DOCTOR:
(COUGHS)

LARA:
(COUGHS) What the hell has he —

DOCTOR:
He's gone.

LARA:
There's a hole in my wall!

DOCTOR:
I really am very sorry about this.

LARA:
What's he done?

DOCTOR:
I asked him to hold one of my tools when I was making some adjustments to your mediascreen, and…

LARA:
What sort of tool?

DOCTOR:
A laser cutter. I usually use the fine-tip end. He must have used the other end.

LARA:
He must have jumped down to the balcony of the flat below.

DOCTOR:
Yes. Risky manoeuvre when we're fourteen storeys up.

LARA:
Don't you dare follow him.

DOCTOR:
Nothing was further from my mind. Believe me, I'm not going [anywhere —]

FX: THE FRONT DOOR OPENS AND INSPECTOR JILL SVEINSDÓTTIR ENTERS.

JILL:
(AT DOOR) Nobody move!

DOCTOR:
Nobody is.

JILL:
Put down your weapon, please.

DOCTOR:
I haven't got one.

JILL:
I meant her.

LARA:
Me?

JILL:
Yes, you with the canister of chem-spray!

LARA:
I live here! It was me who called you!

JILL:
Regardless, please put it down.

LARA:
Fine.

FX: LARA PUTS THE SPRAY DOWN.

JILL:
And you — put down the mediascreen.

DOCTOR:
All right.

FX: DOCTOR DOES SO.

JILL:
That's better. Now —

LARA:
Is there only one of you?

DOCTOR:
I was just thinking that.

JILL:
I was in the area. There's other officers following. A lot of us are tied up with a drug bust that's gone a bit messy three blocks west.

DOCTOR:
Could we see your credentials please?

LARA:
Why?

DOCTOR:
She could be anybody. She might even be my accomplice.

JILL:
Quiet!

LARA:
You mean, she turns up alone, arrests you, leads you away, then lets you go?

JILL:
Obviously not, if that was the plan he wouldn't have just told you it.

LARA:
I want to see your ID.

JILL:
Fine. (TO SYSTEM) Display holo-badge.

FX: BLEEP. HUM AS THE SYSTEMS EMBEDDED IN JILL'S UNIFORM DISPLAY A HOLOGRAPHIC BADGE.

DOCTOR:
Ah! Wearable tech, very good. (READS) "Inspector Jill Sveinsdottir." [PRONOUNCIATION: Sveyns-dot-ear] You're a bit high-ranking to be out on the beat, aren't you?

JILL:
I was on my way home. (TO SYSTEM) Forensic sweep and model.

FX: BLEEP.

JILL:
Right — I've verified your identity —

LARA:
Good.

JILL:
You are Lara Jensen, this is your registered place of residence, you're a systems engineer and you've lived in Rekjavik since '37.

LARA:
Thank you.

JILL:
(TO DOCTOR) Whereas you… are entirely unregistered.

DOCTOR:
I know.

JILL:
Which is in itself a Category Five offence, punishable by two years' imprisonment.

DOCTOR:
Ah, you see, Jill —

JILL:
Kindly address me by my title.

DOCTOR:
Sorry, Inspector Jill — I do have temporary papers [which —]

JILL:
There's no such thing.

DOCTOR:
Well, whatever you call them here — I can verify my identity, if you escort me to the blue box in the park opposite this [building —]

JILL:
What's your name?

DOCTOR:
Doctor John Smith.

FX: JILL OPERATES SOME CONTROLS ON HER UNIFORM.

JILL:
Do you want to use holographic legal representation, or will you represent yourself, Dr Smith?

DOCTOR:
You haven't even arrested me yet.

JILL:
Answer the question, please.

DOCTOR:
I'll represent myself if it comes to that, [but —]

JILL:
Fine. You're under arrest and court is now in session.

DOCTOR:
Don't I even get a phone call?

JILL:
What century are you from? (TO LARA) Ms Jensen, what charges are you bringing against Dr Smith?

LARA:
He and his friend broke into my apartment, knocked my wife unconscious and destroyed my mediascreen and then my wall.

JILL:
Where's this friend now?

LARA:
He went through the hole in the wall.

JILL:
Dr Smith, you're accused of breaking and entering, assault and destroying private property, how do you plead?

DOCTOR:
Well. Not… exactly guilty —

JILL:
How do you plead?

DOCTOR:
I want to explain —

JILL:
Then you'd better go with "not guilty".

DOCTOR:
All right.

JILL:
Of course, that will mean a stiffer sentence if you are convicted.

DOCTOR:
I'd like to speak to your superior.

JILL:
Oh, you do? I've seen your sort before. Think you're above the rest of us. Think if you get to see someone in authority, you can talk their language, smooth it all out. Well you can't, you're dealing with me.

DOCTOR:
So I'm to be tried on the spot? Is this really how it works here?

JILL:
It's quicker and more efficient.

DOCTOR:
It's a travesty.

JILL:
Perhaps you should have done a bit of checking before you decided to enter the country illegally.

DOCTOR:
I did not!

JILL:
If you passed through border control we'd have your DNA on file — are you telling me you did?

DOCTOR:
(BEAT) Well, no.

LARA:
Is this why you came here? You were going to take over our home, weren't you?

DOCTOR:
No!

JILL:
We deal with a lot of your sort. Other countries getting hotter, drier, harder to live in — you know this city's population is a hundred times what it was a century ago? We can't take more of you.

DOCTOR:
I've told you, I only came here to help.

JILL:
What do you mean, 'help'?

LARA:
He claims he was dealing with a… creature —

JILL:
Let the defendant answer in his own words, please.

LARA:
Sorry.

DOCTOR:
Her wife's body was possessed by a Bratanian Shroud.

LARA:
It's complete nonsense.

JILL:
That's for me to decide, Ms Jensen. I don't want to have to hold you in contempt of court.

LARA:
Who's on trial here?

JILL:
Both of you, ma'am, if you don't respect the process. Now, the case for the prosecution — let the record show that the evidence supporting the charges of damage is present at the scene, and the forensic sweep confirms that one other unregistered person was here. Ms Jensen, if I may have access to your wife's perception feed?

LARA:
Of course. She'll have seen everything.

FX: JILL OPERATES CONTROLS ON WALL — BIP-BIP-BIP — MAKES CONTACT WITH KAT'S OWN SYSTEMS.

JILL:
Yep, got it.

DOCTOR:
(PUZZLED) How? (REALISATION) Ah! Perception feed. Straight to the retina, I presume.

JILL:
(SEEING FEED) I must inform you, Dr Smith, that the victim's own feed clearly shows you threatening her and then attacking her with some variety of stun weapon.

DOCTOR:
What? I want to see that.

JILL:
I can project it for you.

FX: BIP. JILL PROJECTS A DISPLAY OF FOOTAGE, ON WHICH THE DOCTOR SAYS:

DOCTOR:
(D) Keep still or I'll use something stronger than the stun setting.

DOCTOR:
It's been tampered with.

JILL:
You reckon? Faking perception footage in this way is a lengthy and painstaking process — you're saying someone did this in a few minutes?

FX: JILL'S CHECKING SOMETHING ON HER SYSTEM.

DOCTOR:
Or it was done before I got here.

JILL:
(TO HERSELF) Well I never —

LARA:
What is it?

JILL:
I've just been cross-referencing — this is the third such incident in this block in the past five weeks. Flat broken into, mediascreen broken, occupant knocked unconscious.

DOCTOR:
I don't know what you're talking about.

JILL:
The previous two occasions, a body was found in the doorway — apparently someone disturbed the culprit and he killed them.

LARA:
Oh my goodness.

DOCTOR:
'Apparently'? You mean you don't have it on camera?

JILL:
No, the footage was tampered with. Nobody was seen in or leaving the apartment —

LARA:
That could've been me. Dead on the floor.

JILL:
The victims all suffered amnesia, probable result of the weapon used, so we've been unable to charge anyone.

DOCTOR:
I know nothing about this.

JILL:
The pattern is clear – even down to the damage to property in the apartment.

DOCTOR:
I've been set up.

JILL:
You'd better work out who did it and why pretty fast, because under the three-strikes system, this carries a sentence of thirty years' servitude on the lunar colony.

LARA:
And his friend?

JILL:
We'll find him. Of course, if you can supply any information leading to his arrest, we may consider reducing your sentence.

LARA:
What if they did all those other murders, too?

JILL:
You'll have to be more specific, love.

LARA:
We had people telling us to check the security on our percep systems, change passwords and that, to do with some deaths in the block – there was something about tampered footage there too.

JILL:
I'll cross-reference a bit wider.

FX: JILL OPERATES MORE CONTROLS.

JILL:
If you want any other crimes to be taken into account, you should say so before this search comes back.

DOCTOR:
No.

FX: JILL'S SYSTEM BRINGS UP A RESULT.

JILL:
Should've said yes.

LARA:
You've found it?

JILL:
Yep. Eight deaths that we know of, two in this block, the rest in neighbouring blocks, all involving tampered percep footage, the tampering done in the exact same way. This is going to close a lot of cases.

DOCTOR:
No!

JILL:
Yes — you say this footage of you striking her was tampered with, but no — it's the other way round. You didn't get time to remove yourself!

DOCTOR:
I know nothing about any of these crimes.

JILL:
Of course not.

DOCTOR:
But I'd like to. I might be able to help.

JILL:
Oh, you're not one of those creeps who follows us around, saying you can help, getting in the way, and then one day you get fed up of being ignored and you figure the way to get our attention is [to —]

DOCTOR:
No, no, no!

LARA:
What a weirdo.

DOCTOR:
I don't care what you think of me but I do want to know more about these murders. Tell me.

JILL:
All right… in all cases, clearly murder, signs of a struggle and so on. Victims' personal percep was checked, and the assailant just isn't there. Just a gap where he should be. No forensic.

DOCTOR:
And no witnesses?

JILL:
We did have witnesses in three of the cases, but they were found to be unreliable.

DOCTOR:
All of them?

JILL:
Their own percep records didn't match with their testimony.

DOCTOR:
And that was enough for it to be declared unreliable?

LARA:
(LAUGHS) Well, yeah.

DOCTOR:
You trust digital images over a human being's account of what they saw with their own eyes?

JILL:
Over what they say they saw.

DOCTOR:
What did they say?

JILL:
Erm…

FX: JILL CHECKS MORE FACTS.

JILL:
They identified friends and family members as the killers. The accused said they didn't remember anything about the incidents.

DOCTOR:
And that's enough for you to drop a murder investigation?

JILL:
Enough for us to leave it open. Anyone might have a hundred reasons to lie.

LARA:
And you do know organic memory is rarely more than twenty-three-per-cent reliable?

JILL:
Whereas an objective recording —

DOCTOR:
Can be tampered with, as this very case demonstrates.

JILL:
Very rarely, and we always know when it's been tampered with, and once you've told us how you did it —

DOCTOR:
I can't tell you, because it wasn't me.

JILL:
We can make life pretty unpleasant for you on the colony until you do tell us. And then we'll adjust our security and nobody will ever be able use that particular trick again.

DOCTOR:
Listen. The Shroud must have done it.

JILL:
The what?

LARA:
The creature he said was in Kat.

DOCTOR:
It tried to kill me and clearly it's tried to kill before. I'm… not entirely clear on why it's been destroying mediascreens, but —

FX: A PIECE OF MUSIC PLAYS ON LARA'S PERSONAL SYSTEM.

JILL:
Is that you?

LARA:
Yes — sorry, do you mind if I get this?

DOCTOR:
No, be my guest.

JILL:
Hold on —

FX: LARA ANSWERS THE CALL.

LARA:
Hello?

TURLOUGH:
(D) I need to speak to the Doctor.

LARA:
Who is this?

TURLOUGH:
(D) He is still there?

LARA:
You're the one who blew a hole in my wall.

DOCTOR:
Is that Turlough?

TURLOUGH:
(D) Yes — I'm sorry about that, but this is rather —

LARA:
How did you get my contact?

TURLOUGH:
You are quite lax about your personal security. Could I speak to the Doctor?

LARA:
I'm putting you on hold.

FX: LARA HITS A CONTROL.

LARA:
It's his accomplice. Can you trace him?

JILL:
Oh yeah, I've got root access to all the data flow in the city. Keep him talking. And you —

DOCTOR:
Yes?

JILL:
Do not warn him he's being traced, or you can be [sure —]

DOCTOR:
You'll make things very unpleasant for me, yes, I understand.

LARA:
Right.

FX: LARA HITS THE CONTROL AGAIN.

LARA:
Turlough?

TURLOUGH:
(D) Yes, I haven't gone anywhere.

LARA:
I'm putting you on speaker now.

FX: LARA HITS ANOTHER CONTROL. TURLOUGH'S VOICE GETS LOUDER.

TURLOUGH:
(D) Doctor?

DOCTOR:
Turlough, hello. They're trying to trace you.

JILL:
I warned you!

DOCTOR:
Yes, but you also thought I cared more about my own comfort than I do about helping my friend avoid the absurd parody of justice you operate in this city.

TURLOUGH:
(D) Oh, obviously they're trying to trace me, never mind that — there's something important I need to tell you.

DOCTOR:
Well hurry up then.

TURLOUGH:
(D) I tried to get back to the TARDIS, and I used that TARDIS tracker you gave me —

DOCTOR:
Yes, yes —

TURLOUGH:
(D) And it pointed in three directions at once. I assumed it was just faulty —

DOCTOR:
I built it myself.

TURLOUGH:
(D) Exactly. But it's led me to three different TARDISes.

DOCTOR:
What?

TURLOUGH:
(D) They're all parked within about a hundred metres of each other, around this block.

DOCTOR:
(BEAT) Oh my word…

TURLOUGH:
(D) So what I'm asking is, does this mean there's another you here and if so, where could I find him?

DOCTOR:
I don't know. I've never been here before.

TURLOUGH:
(D) So… you must come here again in your future. Twice.

DOCTOR:
Turlough — this is important. Go back to the TARDIS.

TURLOUGH:
(D) Which one?

DOCTOR:
Any! This is more serious than I thought. Wait for me there!

TURLOUGH:
(D) Right.

FX: TURLOUGH RINGS OFF.

LARA:
Did you trace him?

JILL:
Not quite.

DOCTOR:
He's a clever fellow.

JILL:
You said 'Wait for me there' like you were going to pop down and meet him. You're going to prison.

DOCTOR:
Sentence hasn't been passed yet and I'm not done making the case for my defence. Now. The flats you found that were exactly like this one — you said someone was found dead outside?

JILL:
Yes.

DOCTOR:
Show me the victims.

JILL:
OK. Here's one —

FX: JILL OPERATES A CONTROL.

DOCTOR:
Oh no.

JILL:
And also —

FX: JILL OPERATES THE CONTROL AGAIN.

DOCTOR:
No. No…

LARA:
You know them?

DOCTOR:
These victims — were they also unregistered persons?

JILL:
Yeah.

DOCTOR:
And did the autopsy reveal inexplicable aspects of their physiognomy, such as two hearts?

JILL:
How'd [you —]

DOCTOR:
Because I'm fairly sure they're me.

LARA:
(LAUGHS)

DOCTOR:
I'm serious. I travel in time and I change my appearance and I believe those are both future versions of me.

JILL:
OK, contempt of court.

DOCTOR:
It's the truth.

JILL:
Even if I accept that — you're telling me in your future you will travel back to before now —

DOCTOR:
Yes.

JILL:
And be murdered.

DOCTOR:
Yes.

JILL:
Twice.

DOCTOR:
Yes.

JILL:
That's impossible.

DOCTOR:
Yes. It's a paradox. Remember, I said I was responding to a distress call. The Shroud has killed me once and decided it wants to do it again, so it's drawn an earlier version of me here to do it again. And clearly it was going to do it again — but you interrupted.

LARA:
Me?

DOCTOR:
It's possible I owe you my life. If so, thank you.

LARA:
You're… welcome?

DOCTOR:
But the other rooms, the fact they were exactly like this one — the mediascreens modified. That means my future selves did exactly the same thing as I did here… and were killed the moment they stepped outside the flat.

JILL:
OK, you're rambling now. I'm declaring this testimony irrelevant.

DOCTOR:
(TO HIMSELF) It's still alive.

JILL:
Do you have anything else to say before I pass sentence?

DOCTOR:
It's still alive, it's still here! What does it want?

LARA:
Could you get this guy out of my flat please?

DOCTOR:
Yes,it wants that — the other mes were killed as soon as they went outside. And they didn't regenerate. The Shroud got inside me, drained the artron energy. But right now, the mediascreen is still operating as a disruptor field. The range of it extends roughly up to the sofa, so if I stay here I'm safe. But how did it survive…?

JILL:
Dr Smith, the verdict of this court [is —]

DOCTOR:
Jill, do you want more people to die?

JILL:
(BEAT) That's a strange question. No, of course I don't. (IRRITATION) Could you address me by my rank, please?

DOCTOR:
If you send me to prison for this, more people will die. In exactly the same way the others died — no evidence left behind. Confidence in you and your system will plummet.

JILL:
Are you threatening me?

DOCTOR:
I'm warning you. Give me a few more minutes. I'll work it out.

LARA:
He's trying to pull some kind of —

JILL:
Don't tell me my job, Ma'am. (TO DOCTOR) All right. Work it out then.

DOCTOR:
Thank you. It must have committed the other murders by taking possession of other bodies, like it did here — but why cover up when it could just frame the people it's taken over?

JILL:
It… might want to keep us looking in the wrong place for answers.

DOCTOR:
Maybe.

LARA:
You're not taking him seriously, are you?

JILL:
Quiet.

DOCTOR:
Or… does it want to leave you all not knowing? We've already seen that you people no longer trust your own memories — what happens if you no longer trust the systems you rely on to support them?

LARA:
I don't know, what happens?

DOCTOR:
That becomes a world where you can start to manipulate the past. And if the Shift is collecting artron energy… it wants to change the past.

JILL:
I don't understand half of this.

DOCTOR:
Fair enough, it is rather abstract.

JILL:
You're going to have to show me something that proves there's more to this.

DOCTOR:
I can, I think. Lara?

LARA:
What?

DOCTOR:
Could you come and stand here please? Next to your mediascreen?

LARA:
Why?

DOCTOR:
It's necessary for my defence. You can't refuse a reasonable request like that in a courtroom.

LARA:
But I'm the victim here.

JILL:
I'm afraid, Ma'am, I must compel you to do as he asks —

LARA:
I don't want to.

JILL:
— or I will have to use force.

LARA:
I'm going to make a complaint about this.

FX: JILL STEPS FORWARD, TAKES LARA'S ARM.

JILL:
Ma'am —

LARA:
Get off me!

FX: JILL PULLS LARA TOWARDS THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ROOM.

JILL:
Don't resist, please, just step over here and [we'll —]

LARA:
(CRY OF PAIN)

FX: LARA FALLS HEAVILY TO THE FLOOR.

DOCTOR:
As I thought.

JILL:
What happened to her?

DOCTOR:
You brought her within range of the disruption field I created. The Shroud was in her head. Probably entered shortly after she walked through the door.

FX: JILL STARTS TO WALK AWAY.

JILL:
Then I need [to —]

DOCTOR:
No! It's still here, it could get inside anyone. If you stay within the field I can still trust you.

JILL:
How do I know this isn't something <u>you're</u> doing?

DOCTOR:
You don't. (MUSES) How is it surviving? What have I missed?

FX: CHIME AT DOOR.

JILL:
That'll be the back-up. Finally. — (CALLS) It's open!

DOCTOR:
Jill, listen —

FX: DOOR SLIDES BACK TO REVEAL TURLOUGH.

TURLOUGH:
Oh good, you're still here.

JILL:
I'm armed.

TURLOUGH:
I can see that.

DOCTOR:
Turlough — I told you to go back to the TARDIS.

JILL:
This is your accomplice?

DOCTOR:
For want of a better word, yes.

JILL:
What are you doing here?

TURLOUGH:
Giving myself up.

DOCTOR:
No —

TURLOUGH:
Face it, Doctor, they were going to catch up with us eventually.

DOCTOR:
I'd almost convinced her! About the Shroud —

JILL:
I wouldn't say I was 'almost convinced' —

TURLOUGH:
Come on, let's drop the ridiculous cover story.

DOCTOR:
What are you doing?

TURLOUGH:
The sensible thing.

JILL:
You're pleading guilty?

TURLOUGH:
Yes.

DOCTOR:
Don't listen to him.

JILL:
Oh, I always enjoy the part where they turn on each other.

DOCTOR:
That's not Turlough. The Shroud has got inside him.

JILL:
I'm taking both of you in.

DOCTOR:
No! We have to stay inside the field —

TURLOUGH:
Doctor, I think we should come quietly.

DOCTOR:
How did you survive the dissolution? Creatures like you can only survive in the information flows of a living brain, or — Of course.

JILL:
What?

DOCTOR:
I've been a fool. Wireless data transfer. This city is an enormous sea of data — like a giant gestalt brain. The Shift can use it to get anywhere it wants, hopping from body to body — it went into Lara, now it's in Turlough.

TURLOUGH:
He comes out with this stuff all the time.

DOCTOR:
You've made a mistake, you know.

TURLOUGH:
Have I?

DOCTOR:
By getting greedy and bringing me back to kill me again, you've given me a chance to learn. So now, when I leave here, and I meet you again — your past, my future — I'll know how to beat you.

JILL:
This has all gone too weird for me.

DOCTOR:
Jill —

JILL:
No. I'm not listening to any more.

DOCTOR:
You said you had root access to the city's data flow. Can you turn it off?

JILL:
What?

DOCTOR:
The whole city. Can you do it?

JILL:
Yes, but —

TURLOUGH:
You'd get in an awful lot of trouble, wouldn't you?

JILL:
It's an essential service — I'm only authorised to shut it down if the security of the city is threatened.

DOCTOR:
It is!

TURLOUGH:
Or perhaps that's what he wants you to think. Perhaps that's the next stage of his plan.

DOCTOR:
No — this creature is spreading fear, and unease, and leaving a trail of death behind it — but if you do as I say, I can stop it before it starts. Instead of punishing the wrong man, you can let me come back and stop all of this from ever happening!

FX: A PAUSE. THEN JILL OPERATES A CONTROL.

JILL:
(BEAT) Emergency access protocol fifteen two stroke diamond.

TURLOUGH:
No!

FX: JILL'S SYSTEM ACCEPTS THE COMMAND. A LOW BACKGROUND BUZZ IN THE BUILDING SUDDENLY GOES QUIET.

DOCTOR:
Quickly, Jill – help me pull Turlough inside the disruptor field!

TURLOUGH:
What? (GRABBED; STRUGGLING) No! No!

FX: DOCTOR AND JILL GRAB TURLOUGH AND PULL HIM TO THE MIDDLE OF THE ROOM.

TURLOUGH:
No…!!!

FX: TURLOUGH FALLS TO THE FLOOR.

DOCTOR:
Thank you.

JILL:
So… that thing <u>was</u> in him?

DOCTOR:
Evidently, yes.

JILL:
Has it gone?

DOCTOR:
Yes. With the data flow switched off, it's like a fish out of water. I'd leave it half an hour before you turn it back on, though. Just in case.

JILL:
No choice. Once that protocol is activated, it needs special authorisation to turn everything back on. It'll take hours. How am I going to explain this?

DOCTOR:
Tell the truth.

JILL:
And you'll back me up?

DOCTOR:
Ah… I think Turlough and I should leave.

JILL:
Wait — I need you to give evidence.

DOCTOR:
And what if they don't believe you, and your inflexible system puts me in prison?

JILL:
I'm sorry, [but —]

DOCTOR:
Jill, when I leave here, I'll take with me the knowledge that will enable me to stop the Shroud at the first encounter. History will change. All this will never happen. Sorry.

JILL:
Why are you sorry?

DOCTOR:
Seems terribly unfair, that's all. You saved a lot of lives just now. You should be proud.

JILL:
Pride doesn't matter. Getting the job done does. (BEAT) All right, go on.

DOCTOR:
Thank you.

JILL:
Quick, before I change my mind.

DOCTOR:
Your mind will change, I'm afraid. When I arrive in the past, everything will happen differently and you'll never be called out to deal with this.

JILL:
That's good, isn't it?

DOCTOR:
Sort of, yes — but things need to change in this city. Ever had deja vu?

JILL:
Sometimes.

DOCTOR:
That's what happens when a memory from a redundant timeline coincides with the real one. Like an echo of something that never happened coming back to you. — Turlough?

FX: DOCTOR SHAKES TURLOUGH.

TURLOUGH:
Mnmh?

DOCTOR:
We need to leave. Get on your feet.

FX: DOCTOR HOISTS TURLOUGH UP, STARTS MOVING TO THE DOOR.

DOCTOR:
(TO JILL) When I've fixed all this, I'll come back and remind you of what you did here, what you're capable of. Hopefully you'll remember. And maybe you can make a difference.

JILL:
How can I? I'm only one person.

DOCTOR:
I think you'd be surprised, Jill.

FX: DOCTOR LEAVES WITH TURLOUGH. DOOR CLOSES BEHIND HIM.

THE END